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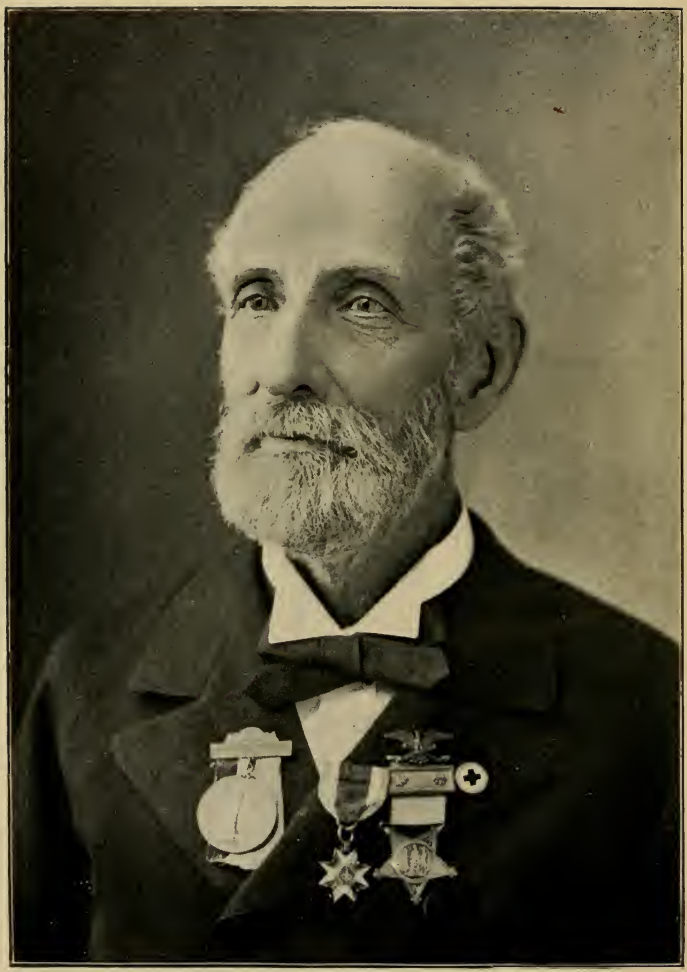

Augustus P. Clarke

A Volume of Original Poems

BY

AUGUSTUS P. CLARKE, A.M., M.D.

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SECOND EDITION — ENLARGED.

Cambridge, Mass.,
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Cambridge, Mass.

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PREFACE.

When I wrote the different poems included in this little work I had no thought of making any formal publication of them, but the kindly reception they have met with and the urgent request of friends have prompted me to bring them out in book form. I trust that they will be received with the indulgent criticisms of the reader.

AUGUSTUS P. CLARKE.

CAMBRIDGE, December 14, 1895.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

New poems written since the appearance of the first edition have here been added. I trust that they will be as graciously received as were the others heretofore published.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., 1911.

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To my daughters,

Inez Louise Clarke, A.B., A.M., M.D.,

Member American Academy of Medicine and Mass. Med. Soc., etc.,

and

Genevieve Clarke, A.B., M.D.,

Member American Academy of Medicine and Mass. Med. Soc., etc.

A VOLUME OF ORIGINAL POEMS.

Tribute to Dr. Wyman.

Read before the Cambridge Society for Medical Improvement, at the dinner complimentary to Dr. Morrill Wyman, Parker House, Boston, Feb. 17, 1886, and published in the Cambridge Press, March 6, 1886.

Over Cambridge, the city of classical lore,
Where the muses have hovered two centuries or more,
What breath has been stirring their prowess to prove,
As 'mongst them the sons of Esculapius move?

Years one hundred have passed since with heart warm and large,
Our loved Alma Mater vouchsafed to her charge
The babe yet to minister potions and balms,
Making glad all the earth with elixirs and charms.

'Neath her care grew this babe to a form strong and tall,
Killing out noxious weeds bearing names great or small
That yield but vile refuse of nothing or worse,
As truth banished from Scripture, or beauty from verse.

'Bove the ranks of empirics stand Jackson and Ware,
Warren, Boylston and Channing, whose names well compare
With heroes and martyrs. Their learning and skill
Raised the platform for others who yet should reveal

New truths their researches but half brought to light,
Truths of blessings to millions, then hidden from sight.
How blest, had they seen what their followers show
In the work then begun to assuage human woe.

These doctors renowned as expert with the quill,
Extended its use, learned to fill it with skill.
Under teaching of Waterhouse charged it so mild
As to shoot out disease, harming mother nor child.

Soon a conquest more noble was gained for the world
Than ever by warrior with banner unfurled;
For Morton and Warren with courage revealed
How the demon of pain to Nepenthe* must yield.

Then the suff'rer released — who was lately possessed,
Looked down on the foe from a pillow of rest,
Proclaiming, " Devotion to science and skill
Has brought a rare blessing the vast world to fill."

Yet stands on this platform, now broad, high and strong,
Rejoicing in union, a still honored throng,
With their sage, with their Nestor, their poet and last
But not least, the practitioner, still holding fast

The demon as prisoner, that writhes 'neath his chain,
But who ne'er from this power can walk forth again;
Ever pants he in vain for a victim's last breath,
While his torturing weapon would cleave unto death.

Still disease with his shafts to destroy as of old
Must be watched from this platform, and Bigelow bold
Spies the stones he so secretly thrusts at his prey,
Which he rapidly breaks and then washes away.

*Ether — whose anæsthetic properties were first demonstrated at the Massachusetts General Hospital, 1846.

Now Wyman steps forth and with listening ear,
Quick the mischievous floods of disease to hear,
Pumps out the vile waters that burden the chest,
Showing thus, that such patient with health may be blest.

We must not omit to make mention just here
Of the poet* whose lyrics are prized far and near;
His words, from the mem'ry no time can efface,
Giving even to skel'tons a beauty and grace.

To the microscope next. May it ne'er fall in rank
To the plane of the quack, nor the twist of the crank;
For microbes sometimes play their pranks in the brain,
Which the mind half developed would turn to some gain.

We practitioners now on this evening are met,
Our senior to honor; though 't is with regret
We see him retire; yet long, long may the light
Of his counsel be ours in the smoke of the fight.

Round this board we to-night greet him loyally here,
Though he empty his plate may his stomach have cheer.
Surely, one feast a year every doctor has tried,
Let us prove Cambridge doctors from two have not died.

*Professor Oliver Wendell Holmes.

In Memory of John Bunker Taylor, M.D.

Read before the Cambridge Club, at a dinner, Young's Hotel, Boston, March 18, 1889, and published in the Cambridge Daily, March 19, 1889, and in the Cambridge Chronicle, March 23, 1889.

The youth no music ever hears
So sweet as that from coming years,
Prolonged in such melodious lays
As lures him through life's thorny ways.

Fair visions rise with brightest glow,
Brought is the tinted landscape low
Where on its banks may rest his feet
This side where earth and heaven meet.

At later age and manhood's prime
Come visions, too, undimmed by time,
For mem'ry's halo holds most fast
Life's tender col'rings of the past.

Such vision now we welcome here
That to our gath'ring draweth near,
Where mem'ry points to days gone by,
And shows a youth with hopeful eye

Fixed on the pictured landscape, where
His steadfast soul aspires to share
A part, whereon his home shall rise
More fair than Persian paradise.

New Hampshire from her rock-floored soil
Gives strength that grows by honest toil,
And through each vein and sinew runs
This birth-right in her sturdy sons.

Such healthful soil with mountain air
Has given this youth a double share
Of strength that prompts his brain and will
To find a higher foothold still.

He longs to learn the sacred art
That conquers pain, and eases smart
Of wounded hearts by pitying ear
That brings their wants and needs more near.

'T is thus he starts before our view,
(Which visioned mem'ry holds as true),
To seek from ancient learned halls,
The path where Esculapius calls,

With tone and eye trained to detect
The links where life and death connect
'Midst chains that fell disease can fling
Around the vitals, quivering

With love to hold the 'bated breath
From man's great enemy called death.
He veils his paradise from sight
That still by struggling he such height

May yet attain in landscape high,
As but endeavor bringeth nigh.
He there would plant his feet though torn
By rough sharp stone and piercing thorn.

He binds his weapons to his breast,
And vows to seek not ease nor rest,
Till he in duty's path shall rise,
Which leads to life's first paradise.

No polished stones can pave his way,
For public means are small, and they
Who learning's elevation dare,
Must their own stepping-stones prepare.

No cushioned car in days of yore,
E'er found its way to college door:
And but for youth like ours, we ween,
Such helps since then would not have been.

For naught e'er comes by hand or brain,
Where there 's no struggle for its gain.
Plods on the youth, and still resists
All siren strains; though oft he lists

To keep distinct the far-off song
That holds his faith and purpose strong.
Sometimes he halts to trace the way
Already trod, then takes survey

Of that which dimly shows before,
But ne'er his standpoint seeks to lower.
At each such halt advance we see
The youth hath made, till steppeth he

Upon such height as proves his worth
To claim his paradise on earth.
He seeks and finds a home of prayer
Enlight'ning faith and soft'ning care;

While with it comes such warmth and cheer
As blesseth more from year to year.
His earnest heart grows warm and large
To treat with faithful care his charge,

While from afflictions, griefs and fears,
His sympathy claims half the tears.
'T was thus he lived when to our band
We took him loving by the hand

Where since among us he has stood
A brother faithful true and good.
How sad the tribute that we pay,
For now his voice sounds far away

Where visions rise and echoes swell
From mem'ry's halls, and with us dwell
To urge us on to regions higher —
The Heaven to which our souls aspire.

We 've traced our brother's time-worn feet
To where the earth and heavens meet
And wonder as we glance around
Who of us next shall pass beyond.

As one by one we 're lost from sight
Heaven grant that duty's steps unite
With tracks that on the other side
To blissful heights shall be our guide.

Light of Evolution.

Read before the Cambridge Art Circle, at the residence of Dr. A. L. Norris, January 1, 1883.

Hail to the Light eternal and not born,
That burst through space proclaiming nature's morn,
Before silurian rocks of primal age
Had formed in mass for time's recording page,
Or ere huge hills were cleft by glacier's reign
And stones of sand had blushed with redd'ning vein.
Bring thou the zeal and patience to pursue
Inquiries that raise higher thoughts to view
The scenes when budding flowers of mystic birth
Sprung forth with lavish growth to deck the earth,
That in more distant times a treasure yield
To those who strive for wealth and power to wield.
Tell how when mind turns back in thoughts to find
By search the truth that darkened age did bind,
As muschelkalk and zechstein groups intwined
With fishes saurians in mass combined;
How marks were left by water's curling wave,
Or cracks on beds from heat the sunbeams gave,
How rocks were pitted as the raindrops fell;
Make all these silent stones with accents tell
The varied courses of the moving gale
When thick'ning spray descends as pattering hail
On permian rock, triassic, marl, and slate,
Revealers of earth's forces' hidden state.

The tracks of animals that there accord
With those of reptile and marsup and bird,
The lias, oölite and Wealden clay,
The polyp's garb and shells of older day
Bear witness of the fact that there was life,
As do the cone-trees once there rife;
All these so long o'er-washed by rolling seas
Were fitted to be wrought vain man to please.
From lower forms to higher in the scale
Brief moment calls for noting in detail,
Mollusks, cephalopods, the encrinite,
The ichthyosaur, large toothed, of hideous sight,
His lengthened form to dwell in seas inclined,
Where sporting like the whale much rest declined
Went, moved by hunger's pangs and greed alike,
With paddles furnished, fitted waves to strike;
The plesiosaur with head, neck, long and slim,
The better suited angry main to swim.
Then comes iguanodon of long-drawn make
Stalks he the fields, o'er hills and in the brake;
The pterodactyl eagle-like in size,
Whose toes supported supple webs to rise,
As those of bat on wings in air moved light,
More easy, swift, majestic, in its flight.
Green sand with beds of clay and chalk admixed
And fossil shells from ocean's depths betwixt
The coral, the sponge, the starfish, zoöphytes,
The crinoids and the chambered belemnites
Are speaking voices of the buried past
That changes seen were made by forces vast.
We pass cretaceous era when began
The tertiary age embracing man.
Deposits seen in river-mouths and lakes
Had thickness less than forms the sea oft makes;

Shells found in beds of age the eocene
Were of present species four per cent. mean;
While in the middle, miocene, we see
Seventeen with every hundred doth agree.
The older, pliocene, now yields as rate
A product than the first ten times as great.
The strata that were made from channels deep
Yield not the fossils which in chalk-beds sleep,
Nor saurians as seen in the oölite.
The murex, nassa, conus, nummulite
Abundant, beautiful as now abound
Were first in strata from such waters found.
In glacial age hard rocks of monstrous weight
Were distance borne and grooved by pressure great;
Their broken forms were left in zones apart,
As seen by fittings of each counterpart.
Ere land in height had reached its present grade,
Clay blue and gray in valley beds was laid
And formed for artisans of later days
A base for traffic that now oft repays.
We turn to the age when pachy-derms abound,
Among which the horse and elephant were found,
The paleotherium with proboscis short
Whose foot was cleft into the three-toed sort;
The anoplotherium Binstead's frail-toothed beast
Unarmed for strife, of herbage made his feast;
The cheropot had snout of curious make
The ground to turn and find his food to take.
The megatherium was of that age we speak,
His structure forced him hills and woods to seek;
Above the elephant in strength and growth
By habits and by sense he seemed like sloth.
The mastodon came of a later date,
On uplands dwelt, there sought the herbs he ate;

In after times by floods was downward borne
To fateful miry depths to sink forlorn.
While still we turn to look with backward eyes,
The mammoth form seems there to rise
With greater power his massive tusks to wield
Than 's found in lion's paw or elephant's shield.
The ox, the deer, the camel, sheep, and goat
Domestic ruminants we now denote
Appeared with those so huge as just described
And were from humble forms and cells derived.
The animals that dwelt in trees and woods,
Quadrumana or apes or simious broods
Had reached their height in full developed stage
As seen by broken strata of that age.
The most ancient parents of the vertebrate
Were young ascidians that had forms to date
Coeval with the beds which did mature
Whence sprung our fishes, birds, and reptiles newer.
There too the bivalve mullusks came beside,
In lowest forms abundant fossils hide,
The cephalopoda in chambered shells,
Whose limbs about the head his bulk propels;
The trilobite first glimpse of sentient life
These buried rocks reveal with fossils rife.
While in the search with wond'ring thoughts we roam,
Next o'er those seen the monotremata come.
Still in the course for onward march by strife
Marsupials reach a prouder rank in life;
Placental mammals thence arise in turn,
The parent stock of apes we here discern.
We strive again with all our powers to hail
The secrets back dark eons' hidden vail,
To bring to view in fairest lines portrayed
Man's nascent form with breaking sense arrayed.

Man not till late assumed majestic grace,
But ugly was his guise and mean his face;
His head was small, and low his hairy brow,
His pointed ears a movement did allow,
His body prone with moving tail supplied
And hairy cov'ring o'er the whole beside.
Each sex possessed a coarse and bristly beard,
Signs that from depths to heights he thus was reared;
The growth of thumbs that brought new means for food
Raised thoughts of what he long in need had stood.
His hands and feet with flattened nails now graced
Bespeak the strife to rise he long had faced.
Man while in that estate he dwelt in then
Roamed o'er the earth and slept in hidden den;
No social board was known where reason feasts,
His only conquests those made o'er the beasts,
Nor wealth, nor tribes, nor nations then were known,
These are the fruits of later growth alone.
So crept he on in low and groping state
Till spirit progress slowly changed his fate,
Then half awake to conscious powers that slept
A yearning for expression o'er him swept.
As lone blind mute who spends the livelong day
Amazed and vacant in his look and way
While all his work like parrot-tricks is learned,
Till touched by truth his latent spark is burned
With flame midst darkness glowing more and more
Revealing all the mind's exhaustless store,
So man forlorn, benighted lay supine
Till felt the spirit's touch with life divine,
Which prompts to search for that mysterious chain,
Where thoughts evolve connecting train with train.
Then mind to mind expands the sentient brain,
And ways pursued 'fect organs in the main,

His functions changed cast off his bristly pelt
For scarf that causes touch more quickly felt;
His shaggy beard gives place to silken growth,
While now the fairer sex has none forsooth.
He trailing tail no longer did require,
So was the coccyx then scarce left entire,
And as his conscious powers his will ordained
His form and mien more noble grace attained.
His helpmeet's weam takes not a back descent
Because to her round ligaments are lent,
And she above all fem'nines would have place
Had not such cords been brought to apish race.
Shine on, O Light, illumine every page,
Shed lustre on the myst'ries of our age,
More bright expand o'er all our healing art
Till is evolved fit for man's god-like part
A body perfect, free in thought and sight
That leaves with ugly forms the germs of night
As tracks to guide his all-progressive mind
The springs of thine eternal source to find.

A Retrospect of the Year's Work, in the Department of Literature.

Read before the Cambridge Art Circle, Nov. 5, 1883, at the residence of Mr. H. N. Tilton.

As aim, we see the Circle had in view,
With taste the art of writing to pursue
And in fine lit'rature's fair fields of toil,
To glean a harvest worthy of the soil;
To rescue from oblivion's cruel clime
The scythe to brighten in the hand of time,
And place on pages' record true and bright
The thoughts of members all aglow with light,
A brief repose we 'll take to view the year,
Recount the past, its labors and its cheer.
First in our theme (none else would dare),
Rides forth on pony wild that sniffs the air
On Buenos Ayres' plains where she had sought
A mission to fulfil by duty brought.
One lesson here her wanton pony gives,
Oft greatest horror in illusion lives.
When fancied danger passed, the vision fled,
Quick vanishes the fiend in terror bred.
Next, fair hand notes for us the soulful strain
Her ear interprets with life's sad refrain.
Heart stirs from symphonies afar that float
Harmonious with the song-bird's tender note.

She pictures bird that bears upon the stream
The luxury of life's most joyous dream,
And with its sweet companions, buds and flowers,
In sunny brightness glides through sportive hours,
Till in the shadowy veil with them it dies,
And its last plaint, its miserere, sighs.
Now peers a light from evolution's page,
Illumes the rocks formed in azoic age,
Unfolds the beds of rushing waters borne
Ere mullusks, trilobite had found their morn;
Glows on this flame through all the periods past,
From young ascidians to proud man at last,
Till spirit progress touched his latent mind,
That seeks the springs of every truth to find.
But not complete description's powers can be
Till nature's student brings our minds to see
The life and ways of savage man untaught,
With charm of eloquence though rude in thought.
For wisely science oft remoter steps reviews
To show to man the race he still pursues.
The art of learned sons is not remote
From touch on primal lyre, whose rustic note
To infant world lent harmony of song,
Heard at first glimpse of beings' maudlin throng,
When monkey, ape, or baboon race was blent
Ere dude or saint had learned his marked descent.
And why not man be proud? for how he came
Or how evolved, he 's surely not to blame.
While reasoning thus an imp confounds his sight
In form called plagiarism, and hints that quite
Not all of claim is past from apish age,
When presence such stalks pulpit, desk and stage.
All nature is the student's field to view,
To explore the earth and search the waters, too,

To trace in sea and rivers' course and lake
The finny tribes, the various forms they take.
None but the lover of this study deep
Brings up the secrets mighty waters keep;
He shows the fact before our wond'ring eyes
That 'neath the waves a kindred world there lies.
The tyrants, greedy ones, and suckers, who
Ply still their trade and make their victims, too,
As much as man pursues upon the land
Demand their claims and share of golden sand.
To us all nature's ways are ways the same;
Child's gentlest voice or man's of greatest fame
Is but a mystic touch that binds in part
Those unseen cords that reach the human heart.
Soon pass the Janus calends, Martian nones
To sweetest buds and flowers that spring-time owns.
When come with May day seven, seven stars that shine
With radiant beams within our Circle's line,
And in their shining bring the voice of muse,
Reveal his soul as they their rays diffuse.
And what more potent to the soul's calm rest
Than woman's voice when raised in accents best?
Those intonations fine and more remote
Than man's, which ruder ages still denote;
Or what more true to life of genius' fire
Than woman's soul interpreting the lyre?
She, blitheful goddess brings her cheer of life
To passions' fiery rage in duty's strife,
And echoes far her dulcet strains of peace,
That quiet rage with highest human bliss.
Now language is an index of the mind
With thoughts imbued with noblest charm refined,
Born for our race when infant world was drear
She spread her wings for every human ear.

So still there dwells a charm for human breast
In noble thought by rustic word expressed,
And fascination haunts our Dorsetshire
When shyness melts 'fore truth that 's held most dear:
But leave we must the heights and woodland shade
For want and misery ere our world invade;
And " charity '" pleads fitly from her steed
For horse as well as rider speaks his need.
Forth comes the bard from Scotia's craggy steep,
Where 'bide amidst the rocks, though ages sleep,
His songs that come as wave on wave unfold
And wreathe the tales of knightly deeds of old.
How charm these songs, despised, forgotten quite,
The undeveloped age so lost to sight,
Man's semblance fades 'fore powers like these combined
And grows in stature of the god-like mind.
What more is left that we should speak this hour?
Is there a road to reach our Circle's tower
More smooth than that cut out of rock or earth,
That tries true genius' strength e'en from its birth?
The brightest diamond in a kingly crown
Was from a common base in nature sown,
But by an unseen law of forces vast
Was into mould most firm and sparkling cast.
So every precious talent of the mind
By action must from grossness be refined,
If lustre it would shed as helping light
To fairer scenes beyond dark error's night.

Life Record

of

Mrs. Mary Hannah (Gray) Clarke.

Written for the friends of the family, Nov. 30, 1895.

Far back in years a youthful maid is seen,
Charmed with life's bliss and coming age, I ween,
And in fond care of mother's guiding hand
Learned well to be obedient to command.

She growing out of childhood's early ways
Felt Muse's touch and heard alluring lays,
That opened scenes in visions fair and bright
And filled her soul with raptures of delight.

In closer thought we bring our mind to view
Whence sprung this maid with life and blood most true.
In doing this her lin'age thence was found
To be of Rollo Norman chief renowned.

From loins of this ancient warrior strong
Sprung many sons that formed a mighty throng
Of dukes and earls and marquises most great
Who exercised control o'er 'fairs of state.

From these came Lord de Grey of Codnor seat,
Who had with Henry favor most complete;
There, too, was John who with much lustre shone
And had a John of Wilton, Ruthyn known.

A younger branch of Ruthyn Greys was seen,
Lord Ferrers that gave to King Edward queen.
An ancient bough of this great stock arose
That bore the honors old Berwycke bestows.

The Dorset marquis was a shining light
And by his Brandon marriage found delight;
His daughter Jane was of the gentlest mind
And with the crown of queen she briefly shined.

From this strong base another branch we hail,
That took a growth in Stapleford Tawney's vale
And showed its fruit through name of John de Grey,
Progenitor of clans that here hold sway.

Chief of this line to Plymouth shores found course,
By mind and toil became a rising force,
And took a blooming Lettice sprig for wife,
By whom the land with growth has since been rife.

Next in descent was Edward's sturdy son,
Who made his home in town of Tiverton,
And in due time a Thomas he possessed
That brought a Thomas, captain, colonel best.

In Bristol port a Pardon then was nursed,
That gave a Gideon who in lore was versed.
To this great stream there flowed from fountains pure
The Metcalf blood that trial scenes endure.

The Downing Pynchon rills were here brought in
With those of Horne that fought in wars to win.
These brooks to this young struggling nation bore
Great talents, honors, strength of noblest store.

The Joseph Horne who was a soldier tried
Had father Joseph who in Maine espied
Lands where great Gorges sought a race to plant,
But failed through adverse fortunes militant.

Son Joseph went to the Green Mountain state,
Where forest wilds he helped t' annihilate,
And in those vales and through the ridges high
A home by art he strove to beautify.

His father Will had for a wife Marg'ret,
The father Joseph dwelt at Dover seat,
And was the son of Will of Cocheco,
Who settled there the Indians first to know.

This Will from Clerkenwell Saint James first came,
Where lived his fathers in much wealth and fame,
But here he fled with self-reliant will,
Broad views to have and purpose to fulfil.

Of those from Downing gens that first appeared
Was Captain Nat in Nevis Island reared;
His wife Meg came from Judge John Pynchon's hand
And bore the glory of her line most grand.

Her father judge was, soldier, colonel, too,
And he had father who same grades passed through;
His father was the William Pynchon brave,
Who came with John "Apostle" Eliot grave.

Back from this William in ascending scale
We find the early names in long detail,
First John of Writtle and his father John,
Who had at Oxford College manor won.

From William father of this John we speak
To Dick in first King Edward's time we seek
There dwelt, we find, in London, Pynchon sires,
Who had in Essex lands and grade of squires.

The pater of Nat Downing was a John,
Who as a merchant had to Nevis gone;
His father lawyer named Emanuel,
In London's Inner Court had place to dwell.

He had a George bred in first Harvard's class,
Who had a grant to Neth'land Court to pass.
George was a knight by second King Charles made,
And by bold acts had baronetcy grade.

When Charles' power waned by a stern defeat
Brave Cromwell deemed George's manners most discreet,
And for his courage, counsel and advice
Confirmed his honors as in service twice.

When danger rose that might all things disband
Emanuel brought his skill to serve our land.
He took John Winthrop's sister for a wife,
And had in Groton, Salem acres rife.

He went to England's court fierce Laud to dare
And there our chartered rights he helped to spare.
His father George was master of a school
In parish Ipswich where was strictest rule.

On other lines our search we might extend,
But this will be sufficient for the end
To show that when soul's greatest graces shine
They 're but from rays converging into line.

Our mind again turns to her deepened sense
When thoughts to thoughts in her were brought intense,
To fix for life her ways and purpose true,
And by what means these ends she should pursue.

A love for art and scholar's brightest themes
Has rip'ning influence on a mind that teems
With pictured scenes by conscious powers evolved
When warmth is left from the bright beams dissolved.

Thus did our maid with yearning powers imbued,
Strive by her course ideals high t' include
In growth and strength derived by art refined,
That lends its impress to expanding mind.

When in the schools or academic hall
She gained by work respect of masters all
And found that through their help and knowledge brought
Pure love for truth was noblest art that's taught.

Strong measured verse and lays for poet's strain
Were subjects that raised skill for pen and brain
And when such tales in warp and woof would web,
Her hand would write in long drawn hours that ebb.

The smiling landscape scenes in distant view
Called for her brush for painting pictures new,
To lay her colors on the canvas warm
That guiled the radiance of the vision charm.

The voice and touch of music's sweetest strain
Found ready echo in her soul's refrain,
That gave to list'ning ears a calm delight
In lands untraversed and unseen by light.

In broader fields when country's laws were scanned,
She pitied slave, and trade in slaves would brand,
And heard with painful sighs deep sorrow's wail,
That stirred her soul to pierce life's inner vale.

In war's dread scourge when soldier's help was sought
And fathers, brothers, sons, in battle fought,
Her heart went out to aid the warriors brave,
To bind their wounds, their lives and health to save.

She made her home a refuge place most dear,
Where precious mem'ries rose from life of cheer
And spent their fragrance on the passing breeze,
That love be wafted hatred to appease.

Time in its march leaves impress on all forms,
And changes scenes as rushing mighty storms,
And objects that once seemed of firmest stand,
From sight will pass and leave but shifting sand.

Our maiden in long years of patient toil
Bore buds of life as grown from richest soil
That bloom by warmth gained from another sphere
Like diamonds sparkling when to light brought near.

John Clarke, Wrentham Bell-founder, 1575.

O blame not the maker, whose grief-stricken bell
Rings out its laments that he bade it farewell
Ere yet 't was complete. There had come a loud call
With a few extra pounds from the church, that was all.
Now regrets that true worth is so oft poorly paid
Shall by our rude tongues forever be made.

Bacteria, Bacillus, Coccus, Micrococcus:

How Their Intoxication may be Accelerated.

Read before the Cambridge Society for Medical Improvement, at the Celebration of its Twenty-fifth Anniversary, held at the Vendome, Boston, Mass., June 26, 1893, and published in the Cambridge Tribune, July 8, 1893.

It was down in the valley of auld, auld Charles
In years twenty-five agone,
When hobgoblins danced with jerks and with snarls
To the mad marsh-coccus's tune.

A grand palace arose, all so gorgeous to see,
With turrets of gold it shone,
And a maid of rare beauty and grace was she
Who reigned in those halls alone.

A gallant knight from afar o'er the sea
Came to woo this beauteous queen,
No fond swain was e'er so enchanted as he
With this lowland queen, I ween.

Thus sang the brave knight of this lady most fair,
" She is slender, tall and fleet,
Her eyes are as stars, long and dark is her hair,
And music is in her feet."

" Miss Bac — O Miss Bac," was his life-long dream,
And she *backed* from her castle wall
To lead him to dance o'er the low meadows green,
'Til the knight was fain to fall.

" Pray back — O Miss Bac, for my clumsy clad feet
Have caught in the grasses long;
In thy palace I'll rest 'til the darkness shall lift
And morn shall repeat my song.

Ptomaines and cocci the weapons harsh
She thrust 'neath his glistening steel,
She plucked her brave lord from the soft pliant marsh,
Still whirling a madcap reel.

She *corked* up his spirit that was fast flowing out,
And his gallantry thus far saved,
While with loftiest look he cast about
At thought of such victory made.

Then she guided him on to her choicest room,
All sparkling with gems and gold;
The rich hangings were wove in a foreign loom,
Rare perfumes their plaits unrolled.

Then she locked him in with bolts so strong,
Commending him to his dreams,
And he thought when alone, tho' a knight, 't was not wrong
To yawn and to stretch his limbs.

What a sumptuous couch, what a charming retreat,
He mused, doffing plume and cap,
And th' entrancing sounds that my ears now greet
Are like to my lady-love's step.

Ne'er fairy's soft lute such symphonies carry
To lull my spirit to rest,
I 'll aside lay these trappings the while that I tarry,
And dream of her I love best.

His tired eyelids the knight closed at last,
And his stout form by sleep was bound,
Then the dulcet sounds grew more thick and more fast
And a dense cloud gathered around.

First a coccus sharp pinned his eyelids fast down,
Another quite closed his mouth,
Still a dozen more fiercely attacked his crown,
Which aroused him in his wrath.

All in vain did he strive to arrange his gear,
They harassed him more and more,
Till changed to sharp knives seemed the very air,
As they pierced and lanced him sore.

All frantic he brandished his heavy broadsword
The cannibal host to affright,
When his phantom queen high in a curtain he viewed,
In her gossamer robes of light.

" Ah, ha, ha, Sir Knight," she tauntingly cried,
These are my subjects most dear,
War you thus with the guard of your evermore bride?
You are doomed! Abide with us here!

" My realm though unseen is rich and fair,
Teems in spheres and most potent rods;
It holds in balance the life-giving air,
And in turn the Esculapius broods.

" Among the most choice are Koch's comma scion,
Rod of anthrax and yellow jacks,
The strepto-coccus bold as a lion
When deeply it beats its tracks.

" These my subjects, I 've vowed may never go free,
My Sir Knight is prisoner, too."
" Let me see, fiendish sprite," then loudly spoke he,
" Thy lover is changed to thy foe.

" Trust not, despise thy nurslings late,
For skilled sons from Auburn's banks,
Near where rises old Egypt's towering gate,
Will come to waste thy ranks."

He invoked his goddess t' avenge his wrong
Would en-*List her* in service most true,
Wished he had sur-*Passed her* with Merc'ry's staff strong,
And could gain a rich boon anew.

Thus ending, his huge fist struck heavily through
The iron and strong bolted door,
Cried, " Infest all this midland, you blood-poisoning crew,
Each season from now evermore."

Then forth went the knight with a most fearful speed,
Pressed close his phantom queen,
Her goss'mer-robed form was bent as a reed,
Her slender toes skimmed the green.

O'er fen, bog and ditch, the strong knight he leaped,
Chased close by the fiendish choir,
Nor slacked he his pace 'til the hills he had reached,
And the highlands' chilling air.

" To the north, to the north," was still his refrain,
" To my castle amid the snows,
And I 'll nevermore visit the midland domain
Of the Queen of the Bacillos."

Then he sent forth his arrows of poison and frost
And spread o'er the lowlands a net,
And captured the queen with her legions so fast,
Her goss'mer robes draggled and wet.

All thanks to the north-king who in caverns so damp
This blood-poisoning host doth enchain,
For his promise we have no bacillus shall tramp
O'er the midland during his reign.

Christopher Marlowe.

(WRITTEN IN A FORM OF PROSE.)

An extract of a paper read before the Cambridge Art Circle, Dec. 18, 1888, at the residence of Dr. E. Y. White.

Christopher Marlowe was the first who dared to plunge beneath the surface where he discovered Passion's form of dread. With boldest hand he brought him forth to speak in untaught measure, that still echoes to the ear and pen of all who list or write.

Just below in sulphurous clouds is the lithe form of Mephistophiles, crouching to feed with pride and insolence the stream where floats the doomed Faustus, spreading his net to catch all such as drink the fiery drops. Here Marlowe has the power to seize the magic wand, to show the would-be victim all the agony of the tortured soul that 's lost, and pictures there his Faustus. Vouchsafed to him is the power also to move aside the stars, when quick the blissful heavens are ope'd to view, with passports that are dropping down to show poor mortals how to gain an entrance at its starry gates.

Ere are closed the starry windows, a strain of music falls, that glad the genius of the drama claims, to touch the pen that leaves it in her verse. Hark! how it swells as nearer still it comes, until inspired from vision of Fair Helen, it adds the tenderest chord to tell of pensive Marguerite, till listeners see the tearful eyes and feel such strain of sympathy as draws them nearer Heaven.

Close beside the fiery fount where its stream runs slow and heavy, fed by avarice, covetousness and revenge, walks the

" Jew of Malta " with his companion spirit following from a neighboring wave. Now comes a mighty impulse near the width where first the stream divides. There the form of Edward Second uprears to view, while round him gather all his train, and impress show that each has drunk from such divided stream as suited best, with greed or thirst of beasts. Thus all are filled from Passion's several streams; for yet their strong revealer's wand had power to touch but lightly the point between the ideal conception and the baser realities. The note that soft unites and harmonizes all, save once, while at the dethronement of the king he more firmly pressed his wand, when burst the power its limit by the age prescribed, with blending waves was forced to vibrate. So was anticipated with accuracy, the proper balance to be attained in coming years.

Here showing nearer though brought in clouds from many ages past, and obscured by nearer mists, are the revelling forms of gods and kings, which " Dido, Queen of Carthage," claims.

This passed, nearer still the mists arise, radiant with the transcendent beauty of " Hero and Leander," brought from near the Sunrise that blessed the lovers' union. As the traveller turns (are not all mortals travellers?) to rest the eyes from such resplendent visions, appears the real all-immortal Marlowe, grand in form and feature, standing on the firmly fashioned earth, viewing his life work embraced within the less than thirty years, when came the spirit, whence he knows not, to the babe of Canterbury.

Sees he within himself that spirit grown to such height as to be the maker and revealer of the vision before him, which marks Christopher Marlowe, the greatest discoverer and the most daring and inspired pioneer in all English poetical literature, and makes him the originator of genuine blank verse as well as of genuine tragedy in England? Further, can he know that the indwelling of this same spirit has caused Christopher

Marlowe to be such a leader as has straightened the path and prepared the way to the more widespread field, close to the fountain poured out from the mighty hand of "Tamburlaine the Great," and where a Shakespeare's genius soon shall reign, to send forth light encircling all the earth?

While yet the traveller gazed, an unseen hand night's darkening mantle threw o'er Marlowe's form, and there by death he fell, in tragic mien as e'er his vision showed.

Advice to the Graduating Class

of

College of Physicians and Surgeons,

June 19, 1895.

Go on, young friends, search out with finer sense
The hidden myst'ries of our primal ens;
Draw from the earth long buried from our sight
The wealth made mighty by transmitted light.
Bring to man's help the gold that slumbers still
In rocks, in streams, in many a secret rill;
Traverse all nature's bounds her laws to scan
To raise your art to succor suff'ring man.
See from the book before your vision cast
Record of those who labored in the past,
Or find the source by which the masters gained
The magic influence that so long had reigned.
Trace that swift flood, the heart's encircling streams
To distant parts which glow with healthy gleams.
Unwind the nervules from their complex chain
In all their threads till merged in sentient brain.
To pelvic depths, where lies the eating cell,
Fail not to turn but morbid mass expel.
As visual orbs grow dim in dark'ning shroud,
Show forth your skill, remove the gath'ring cloud.
When toxic germs in thick'ning lobes shall blaze
Excise the growths and add to patients' days;

Or in the realms where space has ceaseless change
And breathing tissue has expanding range,
When points on points will wane to microbe cause
And yield their products formed through nature's pause,
In this mishap with art you must e'er cope
To find the seat by sound and stethoscope.
In every charge intrusted to your skill
Espouse the cause and duty then fulfil.
To public call be ready to give heed
And don your armor in your country's need.
In peace no less your counsels should insure
That ways to truth and honor may endure.
In work more deep espy the spirit's tide,
That ebbs and flows while health and life abide.
Schooled thus in work to higher standard raised,
Your life will be redeemed, your worth be praised,
No blust'ring fellow could your precincts haunt,
No jealous dolt with sneaking mien would taunt.
The prudish guise was ne'er for place e'er born;
To such must ever point the hand of scorn.
So shall you reach to heights unscaled before
Where honors crowd like rolling waves to shore.

Helen Points Out the Chief Heroes in the Greek Host to Priam.

Helen and Priam's Court.

" Nocte pluit tota, redeunt spectacula mane:
Divisum imperium cum Jove Caesar habet."

— *Virgil.*

All night the rain in roaring torrents poured,
And o'er all lands dire wailings there were heard;
The morning at its dawn brought change of scene,
For Jove with Caesar had joint sway between.
Thus by wise rule what wondrous works were wrought
In that fair land where long great heroes fought.
Rome now at last held up her eagle strong,
Joyed in her peace, her bliss, not wild war song.
Her coming millions, fast in wealth abound,
Lent aid to poets great as there were found.
Sung Maro then true of Æneas old,
Told of his wanderings and courage bold,
Of Dido's love, her grief, and funeral pile,
In verse of rapture that will cares beguile,
The story of the Trojan's fateful flight
From raging fires of Ilion's dismal night,
Æneas, who on shoulders father [1] bore,
Half blind by smoking plains he traveled o'er,
Of son Iule, whom he led by the hand,
And wife Crëuse lost by the flaming brand.
Alas! What grief, what frenzy of despair
Seized that brave man who missed his wife most fair.
Back to the burning roofs he turned his pace,
Resolved to find Crëusa's gracious face.

1 Anchises.

He through the maddened crowd then bounded on,
Like hunted stag when swift pursued would run.
In his wild search, her ghostly form appears,
Foretells his fate and quiets all his fears.
More should be said of that fair lady's grace,
Her worth, her love, and her diviner race,
Child of King Priam and his stately queen,
Well trained in arts, in song, in speech, I ween.
Imperial feasts in palaces were made.
To them the lords and dames obeisance paid.
High on the couch where courtly ladies sat
Crëuse beloved at court had place thereat.
Her grace and beauty led to praises great,
And honors added to the kingly state.
The house of Priam was a famous see,
Sons, heroes there of Trojan chivalry.
Redeemed from Hercules by sister true
His course with a firm step he did pursue,
All guided by Hesione alone,
Son last surviving of Laomedon.
The gentle maid whom he first took for wife
Was Merop's child, Arisbe, foiled in life.
She bore him Aesacus, who strayed from court
And made the lonely forests his resort.
Here roamed this son and ate the wild food green,
And fought huge boars and snakes of frightful mien
Until he saw Hesperia Cebren's child,
Who kindled in his soul her charms most wild.
Then o'er his wondering mind bright visions fell,
That lured him on and gave the nimble spell
That wished no rest for his poor throbbing heart
Till he should win and gain her heavenly part.
O wretched hour, that horrid viper sting!
Leaves taints to veins that death to vitals bring

And cause him grief and mournings in dismay,
Since all his brightest hopes were dashed away,
And made him hate his dismal land to see
And seek to plunge for depths of dark blue sea.
Here was he washed by waves that ocean made,
Rolled round the rocks and islands there inlaid,
Till Tethys, mother of the river gods,
Changed him in form, for life, of seabirds' modes.
Such was the fate of queen Arisbe's son,
Who place and honor at high court had none,
But starved, rejected, for his figure mean,
He died unknown, unhonored, and unseen.
Alas! poor mother of that hated babe!
She dries her tears, and summons to her aid
Her courage firm to try strange scenes anew,
When bed of Hyrtacus she must deck new.
The next queen brought to Priam's court most grand
Was Hecuba, prized for worth o'er the land
Known for its fair plains and its high crowned seat,
Where angels dwelt, where earth and heaven meet.
There through those vales and pleasant mountain sides
Rich herbage grew and fruits man best provides
For all the races near and far remote
Who came for trade by caravan or boat.
The marts of Ilion were thus wondrous great:
Gold to her coffers flowed commensurate
To all the needs of her great glory strong,
To hold her place and bar the hostile throng,
With which all nations seated far or near
Had oft to cope and failed in their career.
More should be said of Ilion's great extent,
Whose knights, her archers of the whited tent
Ranged through the secret gaps and mountain pass,
Full eager that their country should surpass

Her foes in arms and triumph undefied,
Till her lone chiefs should stand crowned deified.
From her full marts vast merchandise was sent
To bring in place rich goods from Orient,
To deck their sons and dignify each dame,
Known for unrivalled beauty without blame.
Queen Hecuba was noted all through life.
Her offspring strong stamped her well fit for wife,
For much that counts to monarch's greatest fame
Is in long list of scions he may name.
Here lies the roll of mighty warriors born,
Deiphobus and Hector treason scorn.
Polites, sage, and Antiphus resolved
To shield their country's honor then involved.
Bold Paris, Pammon, Helenus, well greaved,
Hipponous and Troilus aggrieved,
Don then their helmets and huge falchions keen,
And in front line of battle there convene.
Next Polydorus, many scenes passed through,
Bathed in much blood false Polymnestor slew.
Nine other sons by Hecuba were bred,
Against rough Grecian foes their cohorts led.
Ten years they fought and they great glory gained,
Until mean Sinon, spy, through guiles obtained
Compassion for feigned wounds, and trust in speech
That the great wooden horse was sent to teach,
They had Palladium from great Jove on high,
As pledge to guard them by his presence nigh.
O monstrous crime, too cruel to relate!
How could old Greece such vileness expiate!
No wonder Persian kings, Greece did subdue
And leave that land for tyrant Turks raid through!
Crëusa and Laodice, fair dames,
Polyxana, Cassandra, honored names,

All Priam's daughters, Hecuba had reared
For wives of kings and princes, whom they cheered.
True Hecuba, for Priam, staff in age,
Her own plan would have saved him foeman's rage.
O Pyrrhus! slimy son from Stygian birth,
Mad killer at Jove's temple, sacred hearth,
Polites there thy victim thou didst fell
And Priam, too, bent at the altar rail.
How could I speak of Hector's valiant part,
Borne with such courage and unshrinking heart!
His prodigies in mighty deeds performed,
In single combat with fierce Ajax armed,
And Diomed, Patroclus, whom he slew,
Endeared his name the land of Ilion through.
The cause of Trojan war so fierce begun
Was Grecian Helen's beauty ne'er outdone.
She child of Spartan king and Leda, queen,
Was carried off through wiles of Theseus, keen.
To this bold thief she Iphigenia bore,
While far away on the lone Attic shore,
And there in hidden vale she humbly stayed,
Till Castor and twin Pollux her free made.
Her capture and release more charms awake
And cause great rival suits that princes make.
Soon was her hand by chief Ulysses sought
And Ajax with swift pace bethought
That he should strive to win the valued prize,
And thus be deemed the happiest 'neath the skies.
Brave Diomed his suit he early pressed,
Strove with all skill to gain, he e'er possessed.
Next, Menelaus with more arts essayed,
Secured her hand by guiles and spells he made.
In royal pomp and martial honors paid
He took her to his court o'er beds of roses laid;

But Paris claimed through pledge that Venus made,
Enforced his right by a bold plan he laid.
Then to King Menelaus he appeared,
And there in formal manner was he heard,
But no return to meet his right avowed,
He seized the bride and broke the Greekish crowd.
O'er the high roads the pageant couple pass,
With their long train of camels, steeds, and ass.
Their gilded warriors, clad with burnished steel,
Clang their sharp swords like deepest thunder peal.
While journeying on in pomp and princely state,
Old Egypt's king gives sup in palace great,
And bids them welcome to his house and court,
In style more grand than kings have oft resort.
A feast is made and blazing hearth shows bright,
Wood from far forests feeds the cheering light.
The waiting guards their every service lend
And dance to wish of the fair couple bend.
Boats in gay trim glide blithely oe'r the main:
Their sparkling lamps and varied streamers seen
Tempt the cheered guests to lengthen much their stay,
To take full rest to speed the parting day.
Saluted thus with regal honors done,
A choir of chosen singers next comes on.
Their voices raised in sweeter tones, ne'er made
Call forth the shouts as helped by angels' aid.
At last the time arrives for them to part.
Rich gifts are brought that gladden both in heart.
A golden bowl and cups of maker's best
Were presents given first to parting guest.
Phoenicia next her portals opened wide
And welcomed comers new in all her pride.
There in those lands where dates and palm trees grow
Were known marts for trade ages long ago.

Great ships on broadest sea and ocean wave
Bore products countries everywhere then gave,
Spice and gems were in great profusion found.
The grape and olive always there abound.
Ere Rome was built old Carthage had high place
And rivaled cities of the swiftest race.
She led in arts and in her seamen bold,
Who ploughed the seas to gain the precious gold.
Here, too, were presents made by sovereigns great,
Rare diamonds and gold of purest state,
Rich garments long arrayed in sapphire pure
Were proofs of friendship made, long to endure.
The land here seen was seat of varied race.
Phoenicia Europe viewed, sun's western space,
For long her dreary coasts stayed unexplored.
Her wastes were homes for beasts and wildest bird.
Phoenicia raised in wealth and strength so great,
How wild was Hebrews' scheme there to migrate,
When from old Pharaoh to this, Canaan fled
All homeless, not armed, and by ravens fed!
Far better in their masters' service wait
For their own growth, their tyrants' downfall great,
As did the Afric sons in southern states,
Till they had chance to be the magistrates.
Brave Paris and his promised Helen seized,
Their course resume, their prospects much increased,
For reaching Ilion's gates in safe return,
Along the distant way in far sojourn.
For days the sunny beams help speed their course
O'er mountain steep and waters roaring hoarse,
Till storms arise with lightning's fearful blast,
And drenching rains engulf by fury vast.
Not daunted by the crushing fates endured,
More strength they gain by hardships thus inured,

For reaching out to goal of waiting joy,
Where time nor place no longer shall annoy.
Long shadows cast and dusty clouds give note
Of moving train of steeds not far remote,
And nearing to famed Ilion's high crowned wall
Call forth glad shouts from king and princes all.
For days all Trojans give themselves to glee
Full merry for feasts of the jubilee.
In ev'ry ear high chanting songs were heard
That Helen's beauty was preferred
To any dame or damsel far or near
E'er came to Ilion for her gracious cheer.
In union there they dwelt without remorse
Cheered that such fame was merit for their course.
Ulysses' wrath far nursed for slighted hand
Calls on all Greeks to form a mighty band
To move o'er land and sea in grand array
To storm fair Ilion and her sons to slay.
How base such deed, no object thus to gain
To make war for bride in vain to obtain!
Though razed was Ilion in the contest fierce,
And all her hopes and fortunes went adverse,
Ulysses' lot was toilsome and soul-rent,
Through scenes he passed that dire afflictions sent.
All worn, bewitched by Circe's dazzling bed
A son was born, Telegonus was bred.
Starved while in search for his grim father old,
He sought to plunder in a manner bold.
Cast on the coast all armed with Circe's spear,
He pierced his sire defending land most dear.
So changed was king by weary wand'rings kept,
The bastard raved as though his reason slept.
'T was strange Telemachus though there too seen
In fullest grandeur of his father's mien,

Not known at all to sorcerer's living son,
Yet famed for search through lands of burning sun.
Alas! All warned by goddess of the sky,
The false and true son with his mother high [1]
Go to the Isle of Æaea, Circe's reign,
Inter the carcass of Ulysses slain,
In decent form, though not in pomp arrayed,
That rest be brought to warrior's flitting shade.
So closed the life of that renowned man,
Who on proud Ilion horrid war began,
Through jealous rage and for mere slighted hand,
In a disputed prize of great demand.
This done; Minerva from the aerial sky
Commands Penelope in bed to lie
Of bastard son, Telegonus, aflame,
To yield a maid, who gave Mamilius fame.
Such are the ways the gods mysterious hold
To raise the gens Octavius Tarquin mold.
When in dilemma and in straits reduced
They see their folly by their power misused.
Achilles died by wound that Paris gave
And Ajax from wrong to Minerva made.
From fortunes ill not all exempt was lot
Of Menelaus when to Taurians brought,
For slain was he to goddess great Dian
By Iphigene for deeds held under ban.
Famed Helen whom he did at last rejoin
Was by the cruel queen Polyxo slain,
Because she lost her husband in the war,
And held the much wooed maid most blamed by far.
Prince Paris sank from wounds he failed to cure,
In pain and grief too long to then endure.
Not Diomede escaped all ills of war,
For while away his wife aggrieved him far,

1 Penelope.

As she beguiled was by Hippolytus,
And Venus wronged did her to fall induce.
Thus was the fate of the offenders bold,
Whose wrath destroyed famed Ilion of old
And brought all lands to waste and desert bare
Without return of prize for Greeks to share.
O foolish race to be so vexed for naught,
When woman fair was easy to be sought,
To grace the homes of kings and princes high
And lend her charms to all best 'neath the sky.
Man's ways have such been since he first began.
They speak his kin to tiger, wolf most plain,
And teach, for him to rise from instinct low,
His acts to others must himself serve too.
The same should always fast be held in view,
When state or other projects men pursue,
For science shows all work has its reward,
In spite of obstacles however hard.
Survival of the best is nature's aim,
As she oft shows is a concerted scheme.
Were this not so, man's place would ne'er be best,
But all his sense would be as of the beast.
The wants of man to live beyond this sphere
Come from long struggle he had to make here,
To gain a place and show his manhood strong
In the mad chase of ceaseless moving throng.
This fevered passion much more to acquire
Is habit of strife still fails to expire.
Greed for such, all may come yet to disown,
When gold begs for man, and for saint the crown.
This can ne'er come till there 's no need for strife
Through means provided for each child for life,
Since child inherits sire's traits for like use,
Till same die in sire by law of disuse.

Introduction.

Several weeks since, having occasion to prescribe some stimulants for an aged, pious Baptist patient, whom I had under treatment on account of illness that necessitated her to remain in bed, I was asked by her, why Jesus, who was supposed to know all things, should have at the marriage feast at Cana when the wine ran short, turned water into wine, since he must have known what a dangerous example he was then setting before the people. My patient wanted particularly to learn what I thought of the matter. I then replied that I did not think that Jesus really turned water into wine, but that he merely used water as a substitute for wine and that it was for the interest of the ruler of the feast to add a word of commendation, who was himself at fault in allowing the wine that had been provided all to be drunk so quickly at once, or in not providing an adequate amount for the occasion. It does not appear from John's gospel that any one except the ruler of the feast tasted the water that was made wine (or made to serve as wine). The remarkable thing of the whole affair was that Jesus found a sure expedient that quieted all fears and saved the ruler of the feast from blame. This expedient served to strengthen the faith of the disciples in Jesus and to give them confidence that He was a real leader of men. I promised my patient that as soon as my professional engagements would permit, I would go over the matter very carefully and would also review the salient points touching the mission of Jesus. I have here in this connection to express my sorrow at the loss of my highly esteemed patient, by a sudden, fatal accident that since befell her. The following was written in compliance with that promise.

November 11, 1906.

The Lowly Nazarene.

A startling scene was once observed of old,
When John of Nazareth came speaking bold,
That ways of conduct all should quickly mend,
For wrath would soon on evil men descend,
As pictured in his dreams in forest wild,
When there entranced in sleep and vision mild.
Tell me, O muse! how birth of John occurred,
How was he led, what secret that him spurred.
The answer comes as morning beams of light
That glow with rays that shine on landscape bright,
That he was son of Zacharias priest,
Whose wife Elizabeth had years increased,
Not that she was deficient all then found,
But paused to yield fruit worthy as abound.
A son in due time to his manhood came,
Though rough in manner, not in action tame.
He lived in desert and on locusts fed,
Sipped honey wild as oft such need him led.
His dress was plain, for loins had leathern band,
The decking only he could then command.
He gazed with eager eyes on work to start
Ere Jesus came to do more perfect part,
To rid the land of Judah through and through
Of evils then so great men would pursue.
Fruits he approved then for repentance meet
Were such as seen in virtue's ways complete
Ere went to Jordan they to be baptized
By plunge or dip by method as devised.

Strange to relate, so many far and near
Confessed their faults and took approving cheer.
Then others came without contrition meet,
But steeped in vice and vanity most deep
They wished to follow ev'ry devious way
And yet be counted such as did obey
The rules of justice and of truthfulness
In all the forms that lead to gainfulness.
Reproof they met in no uncertain tone
From John, who saw their ways unlike his own.
He bathed disciples by an outward form,
To show old mode of life they should transform,
As when with illness or with foulness ta'en
Men seek relief by water's use to gain.
He spoke of work of one who would appear
Whose latchet shoe should he not bring hands near.
Not water would repentance signalize
But all aglow with fire would he baptize.
Yet Jesus came in meek and humble way
To meet forerunner and his rules obey.
Surprised was John that Jesus had so done,
And said he had more need to him to run.
But Jesus said, " Do it, I ask afresh,
For I, as others come, am but mere flesh."
John led the way to banks of cleansing run,
Where Jesus owned such wrongs [1] as he had done,
And as he straightway left the river side,
A voice to all in silence did betide
His wish to be in touch with all mankind,
To help the poor, the fallen, and the blind.

1 Wrongs, such as when Jesus, at the age of twelve years, tarried behind in Jerusalem, without knowledge or consent of his parents, thus causing them much sorrow until he was found by them. This act, though a wrong, was not a guile or a heinous crime. A good confession embraces faults, sins, or wrongs of every class.

This was the glow appeared on him like dove
And spoke that deep in heart he bore his love
And never would his people once forsake
Till sins from earth should they themselves betake.
John's power was great though laden high with zeal,
When courage strong he would to men reveal,
As Herod he rebuked for conduct shown
When taking brother's wife as though his own.
Remanded soon was he to prison gate,
Where he was slain a wish to satiate,
For Herod's child so danced to please his guest
That pledged he then a gift she would request.
The mother urged that he on charger bring
The head of John, as boon best from a king,
And show his will and readiness to take
Revenge when men on rights intrenchment make.
Alas! brave John, why mad'st thou charge on queen?
How could'st thou not thy downfall have foreseen,
And cut the land so short of valued life,
So needed to keep men from wrongful strife?
But why ask thus? for John spoke as impressed
And no more: e'en man best, faults has possessed,
Great or small as oft judged through human thought,
Induced most by what has been once so taught.
Though John was stricken while intent on call,
Yet daunted not was Jesus by the fall,
But after doubts and fears through which he passed,
He rose in strength, in grace and wisdom vast.
Descent of Jesus came through Jewish sire
Through Joseph, carpenter, not through a squire.
Line of his mother, Mary, left untraced,
Had branched from Judah's Levi's interlaced,
For Mary to Elizabeth was kin,
As book of Luke perchance has said therein.

Surmise of Joseph was in error made,
When old, thought home a son would ne'er invade,
Though Mary to him was herself espoused,
Still doubts of virtue once his thoughts aroused,
And such he felt before to marriage brought,
Yet true he hoped was e'er his chiefest thought,
Till a night's rest and dream recalled to mind
Embrace on her he once had sought to bind.
Then was his mind relieved of ev'ry doubt,
And as impressed in dream such came about,
For child conceived was his as nature made,
And pure the bond as e'er 'twixt couple laid,
And so does Matthew in his gospel say
To Joseph, " Mary, thy wife," purest ray,
Together live in peace and love serene
Till life shall end, till death shall intervene.
Through Judah Joseph traced his own descent
From Jacob back to Phares, Judah's plant,
From Judah, Jacob's son, to Isaac back
To Abraham, first of the Hebrew track.
From Terah, Abraham's sire, Heber through
Descent the eighth, back to brown Shem, son true
Of Noah, famed for his most wondrous bark,
That saved his people for a kindling spark.
Old Noah, father of the remnant race,
Was son of second Lamech, as they trace,
The grandson of long lived Methuselah
And the tenth in descent from Adamah.[1]
Six hundred years before the deluge came
Brought birth of Noah, Scriptures do proclaim,
And on earth he lived after scene had passed
Three hundred fifty years and strove to last
The everlasting covenant to keep
Drawn sons between till all at last should sleep.

1 Adamah is old Hebrew for Adam.

Thus was descent of lowly Nazarene,
Who born in Bethlehem in Palestine
Of father artisan, and mother young
Both earnest then their friends to live among.
How startling was event of Jesus' birth
Men, sages all, with gifts in joyous mirth
Came far and near to see the swaddled child
And thanks return for prophecies fulfilled.
No wonder look at Jesus was so hailed
In place where birth of children scare prevailed,
And where were only aged and infirm,
As records then in Bethlehem confirmed.
The people there scarce Hebrew rights observed,
But mixed in race the quiet homes disturbed
And trouble brought to land of Caesar's rule,
Bred prejudice to all the Semite school.
Their language, too, was crude and quite impure
And lent the thought their words none could endure,
And when the term, " from Galilee," was heard
Gave bent that such e'er vileness had preferred.
What Hebrews seen were shepherds with their flock
As came one Simon who the child then took
In arms according to accustomed way
And for his people thanks would gladly pay
For the one opportunity he had
To see the young child and his heart make glad.
Old Anna, prophetess, was there, too, seen.
She came her fastings and her praise between.
She looked for ransom of Jerusalem,
To see land crowned with regal diadem.
The ways imposed on child caused him to grow
In strength of body and in wisdom, too,
So that by contact with his parents' kin
And circle of acquaintance found within

He sought to try the doctors' wit in lore
And some grave questions them to put before.
His queries and his answers all amazed
And showed his chance to learn well had he seized.
Quick was his faith by doctors' words increased
In that his work of life must ne'er be ceased
Until he ways of men should much reform
And give commands to which they should conform.
Obedient was he to his parents' call,
Yet wiser grew in favor, great with all,
As every lad and lass should seek to be,
That life from wrong should e'er be guarded free.
Men oft were much amazed at Jesus' speech
For all his words seemed fit each one to teach
Some lesson new in fact not recognized
By those who claim to guide in judgment wise.
Thus men obsessed were wakened by his force:
Soon felt their reason then resume its course.
His presence with the sick revived them much
And lent the spell of cure or trusting such
Till hope regained or fever did subside
And strength returned as nature would provide.
The frightened boatman saw his chief and sought
To cast his nets and fish in draughts he caught.
The leper thrilled by words he oft had said
Dared visit him to pay: was ne'er afraid
To ask that Jesus cleansing means would bring
Till strength in spite of all his ills should spring,
Not that the lesion in itself be past
But hope be raised not outcast would be classed.
His mission was, the broken hearts to heal,
Deliverance to captives oft reveal,
On darkened minds to pour hope's gilded beams,
And help the bruised, torn by life's whirling streams.

In Cana, Galilee, a marriage came.
More wine was wished as Mary did proclaim.
Six waterpots of some two firkins each
Were then there set mere Jewish stains to bleach.
Saith Jesus to the servants, " Fill the pots
With water." The pots were all of odd lots.
Not now shall sense of palate be regaled
But custom of such feasts that has prevailed
Must still be kept and honored as of old,
Lest thoughts arise that lead to acts o'er-bold.
Draw now and bear to governor of the feast,
That he may taste of what for him is best.
Yet water still was draught though wine in name,
For ruler took and then declared the same
Was better than the wine men bring on last,
For drugged him not as that of first repast.
O give it not to others of the feast
Since drunk or tipsy are they all at least.
No more was given to assembled guest,
Though ruler called the bridegroom from the rest
And praises great he gave to final draught
As crowd dispersed before again they quaffed.
This was the means to which they had recourse
To quiet fears through ways men oft endorse,
To save the name and honor of the house
When men seen there were brought to wine too close.
O say not that the lowly Nazarene
E'er filled the drunkard's cup himself to shine,
But rather say he broke deceiving bowl,
That all be purged from foulness of the soul.
The part performed by Jesus at the feast
Was sign first shown that praise should ne'er be ceased
Till all benighted and forlorn should find
That hope that drives all clouds from darkened mind.

So Jesus taught that man should ne'er despair,
But raise his thoughts above life's common care
And seek to find the best for him to gain,
Himself to lift and others not disdain.
The help that Jesus gave to those he saw
Was done through thoughts he gained from Moosa's [1] law.
Not that the people of his time approved
All ways he chose to work as he was moved,
But that he felt by doing as impressed
A wrong to him would all against protest.
This was the motive that long urged him on
In ways so startling he first chose to run.
He never felt a doubt his course was true
Till faults of men more chance he had to know.
Such was his faith when mission he began
For Father always help would for him plan
To guard from harm to which he was exposed
Whene'er engaged in work on him imposed.
Was it not said if he should choose to pray
That then more than twelve legions on that day
Of angels would for his protection come
And save him from a dire impending doom?
And why not he a faith so strong maintain?
Did he e'er doubt from heat of furnace rain
Young friends of Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, and
Abednego were saved from blazing brand?
When Daniel was to lions' den, too, thrown,
Because he would not bow to idols down,
Was he not harmless saved from raging beast
Through faith he had, as angels had increased?
Believed he not that Jonah was once cast
From gulp of whale which seized him for repast?
Believed he not his father lilies clothed,
And sparrows to him all their living owed?

1 Moosa is the Arabic for Moses.

When brought was Isaac for an offering meet,
Was not there found a substitute complete?
And so at all times was his vision cast
On things believed to have been done in past.
Not strange was it that Jesus so believed,
For home instruction was that most received,
And not through schools of training did he pass
But thoughts he gained though scattered was the class.
The truth of things to which oft Jesus clung
Was viewed as dreamings that the poets sung,
By doctors, lawyers, and by scribes alike,
In all their themes or writings so antique.
The more that Jesus his disciples taught
The larger gulf between the scribes was brought.
His mind was taxed to meet objections urged
To views espoused, so much from scribes diverged.
The task required to meet their carpings made
Enlarged his mind to breadth of highest grade,
As struggles always greatest mind demand.
So did his thoughts in exercise expand.
No wonder poor and outcasts of the heath
Looked on scribes and the Pharisees beneath
Attention and their objects of regard,
When Jesus said the meek should have reward.
This was the charm in speech that seemed inspired
By spirit pure from fountains rare acquired
That lent the impress he was God in man
And from beginning was, ere world began.
At last the time arrived in which scribes felt
That Jesus should be seized and then be dealt
With as deceiver, hurting to their cult,
Whereby they thrived, in riches did exult.
Soon was he taken to the judgment hall,
Where Peter, his disciple, first of all,

Denied acquaintance with the Nazarene
In tones of declaration all too mean.
Condemned he was to nailing on the cross
By cruel men in tempers most morose,
And thus he died in agony and scorn
And left uncrowned, save one of hated thorn
On brow placed was in mere derision vile
As vengeance wreaked on him without one guile.
That Jesus thought he would be saved from harm
Can scarce be doubted though he felt alarm
When on the cross in agonizing tone
He cried, " My God, why am I left alone? "
Why hast Thou not yet come to my relief,
As I expected when I said to thief,
Who was on cross beseeching to be saved
In true repentance he to me had made.
Shalt thou, I say, in truth with me to-day
In Paradise there be, for I shall pray
As I have oft so done that this cup weird
May pass, yet Father's will have I not feared
May now consent this grace and mercy show
To me, who ne'er have failed my comforts to forego
When duty called his weary sons to find,
Help them to bring their wretched wounds to bind.
How sad to think relief to him came not!
To trusting thief no looked-for joy was brought,
For horrid crimes he penalty full paid,
Legs crushed as in them lurked his wonted trade.
From cross in tomb next Jesus was then laid,
In linen wrapped his body, was so staid
By door and seal controlled by court's command,
An entrance right to have none could demand.
So closed the tragic scene in sorrow's gripes,
And flock ne'er stayed to ward off threatened stripes

Laid on their chief, who them from bondage brought,
But left the field, and hiding place each sought.
O shame on them! Him Peter thrice denied,
For silver, Judas to betray him tried,
And others failed their presence to him lend
When conduct then he had there to defend.
As passed those hours in long and dismal gloom,
One followed him in sadness to the tomb,
Nor did her heart relent by hardships met,
Nor stopped her weary feet in fond regret,
For she was true as woman best has been
And firm to last with hopes then most serene.
What solace to the mind such courage brings,
So full of zeal like endless living springs!
She rested not till nature came to pause,
Lone on her way all eager for her cause,
And veiled in darkness of the midnight hour,
Sleep came to eyes as healing balm most pure.
Such was the zeal of Mary Magdalene,
Who then in sleep a vision had most keen.
She saw in dreams her Jesus rise to life,
Desert the tomb, and seek the upland cliff.
She saw in dream two men in garments bright
In forms angelic and all glistening white.
In vision seen were sisters, women true,
Joan and other Mary, as she knew.
To these she told her story while in dream
Apostles, too, as did the vision seem.
So much impressed was she by Jesus' speech
While he in Galilee was wont to teach,
That he must be consigned to evil men
And from perdition raised should be again.
Methought she saw, she said in wandering dreams,
Joan and Mary, mother of Less James,[1]

[1] Luke xxiv, 10.

Approach the tomb and into chasm peer,
Though Jesus not they saw, but shadows drear.
All these seemed real in her dreams she had
And brought were they from mem'ries all too sad.
Soon were her revelations far proclaimed
First to disciple Peter, once ashamed
To own his master in his direst strait,
But him denied by oaths at passion's height.
Poor creature for a leader of elect,
To guide the blind, deliverance to effect.
Not all the waters of the ocean's main,
Nor all the spirit shed from heaven's arched span
Could ever cleanse a soul from wrongs so great
As Peter's crimes which he did perpetrate,
For Jesus said, " All wrongs shall be condoned
Save truth against, that 's not to be atoned
Not now in world where life has long obtained
Nor where man hopes to be beyond sustained."
Did he not once to all a warning give,
That no one its conditions would outlive,
That those ashamed of him in judgment hall
When gathered only there his en'mies all,
He ne'er would call such flock to be his own
Whene'er ascent would make to his high throne?
How vain is claim the Lord will such anoint,
Or choose to lead, to holy ways to point!
Such rank may fail him as a fleeting dream
And darkness come as light on him did gleam.
Forbid was Aaron not to take land pledged
For his distrust in Heaven, as was alleged,
And granted only right was distant view,
Though he anointed was a high priest true.
While in her dreams he to her gave his peace.
Though still bewildered was, she ne'er did cease

To seek out what had then there come to pass,
For what she saw did all events surpass.
Strange to relate when doors in halls were closed,
There Jesus seemed and presence then exposed
To those assembled there in council met,
And said, " My peace not you should once forget."
The changing scenes of vision all quite long
Gave glimpse of Jesus walking far along
On road to village of Emmaus old,
Where Scriptures then in fullness did unfold
To the disciples who with him sojourned;
And O, how deep their hearts within them burned,
From views revealed by Jesus, who began
On mission for redeeming downcast man.
Another scene she had where all were dazed,
For spirit thought they saw on what they gazed,
But, not so, said the spectre to them all,
Behold my limbs! I am corporeal,
Now handle me and see what I may be,
For spirit hath not substance seen in me.
His hands and feet to them she thought were shown,
And power to eat he quick to them made known.
Soon Mary in her dreams was all convinced [1]
That Jesus was alive and proof evinced
To her by signs that she ne'er then could doubt;
So all apostles heard her welcome shout,
That Jesus brought her transport of delight
In raptures far beyond all mortal sight.

1 Genesis xix, 3, would seem to indicate that the two angels who appeared unto Lot did eat or appeared to eat of the material food that he had prepared for them. See also Psalms lxxviii, 25.

According to Hebrews i, 14, angels are ministering spirits. If, therefore, spirits can eat or did eat with Lot, the statement in Luke that because Jesus ate a piece of broiled fish and of honeycomb, does not prove he was not a spirit or a spectre, or a shade, seen in a vision through the dream of Mary Magdalene. The other evangelists make no reference to such an exhibition of eating.

Apostle Thomas she to mind did call
Oft doubted facts in strange occurrence all,
And ere would credit give to scenes portrayed
Must into wounds in side have hands there laid.
While still in vision, to her mind were brought
The words that Jesus uttered from his thought,
His father's spirit he would later send
To strengthen hearts and courage stronger lend.
To Bethany he gathered people led
And on them there his blessing lastly shed.
And parted from them, as her dreams recount,
In clouds was lost in uplands of the mount.
While still they looked to see where he had gone
Two men to them were in white garments shown.
They said, Why do you stand, on clouds to gaze,
For Jesus whom you were so wont to praise
*Shall in like manner soon here make return
As you have seen him start in up sojourn?
Here vision ends of Mary Magdalene,
Induced by dreams and not by objects seen.
O'er all the land of Judah far and near
The dream was told as revelation clear,
That Jesus was from tomb brought back to life,
As records have been made in stories rife.
Does Moosa not in book of Numbers say
The presence of one will be known by way
Of visions and predictions true, by dream,
As light shall ever on a landscape gleam?
Why not give credence to the dreams she told?
Were not events proclaimed through dreams of old?
Was not Abimelech in dreams forewarned,
And Abram ere his wrongs to him returned?
Was Jacob not in dreams his greatness shown?
And Joseph, too, his works for his renown?

*See page 113.

Was not in dreams complaint of Saul once made
To shades of Samuel in rock tomb laid?
And said not then the vision form to Saul,
Why hast thou thus disturbed me by such call?
Was't not through dreams that help to Gideon came?
When him Amalakites near put to shame?
Was not in dreams pledge made to Solomon
That understanding wisdom would be won?
Had Daniel not for visions and for dreams
Been granted skill to clear away, it seems,
All doubts and hidden meanings as contained
In dreams of which Chaldean king complained?
Events to come on cycles' flowing streams
Have oft been seen through visions and through dreams,
As Joel once declared in scriptures writ,
On flesh shall I not pour and scarce omit
My spirit for my sons and daughters, too,
In Judah's land as they shall travel through?
Men ne'er could fail to see as Jesus prayed
He sought relief by spirit power conveyed
By Father's help, whose will he strove to do
And not his own, as Scriptures fully show.
This was his faith in all his struggles made,
To teach from utter loss man can be saved
And guided in his acts by conscience true,
Rule best of all was ever brought to view.
What pity poet was not then upraised
To tell in numbers true the story blazed,
All made from scenes so new as were portrayed
In Palestine in glory once arrayed!
For stories told were writ by men unused
To make their writings so with truth infused
That what was need for profit and reproof
Man might be taught and then be kept aloof
From wrongs and devious ways through life's stern course,
That others he could help to wisdom's source.

The aid though brought was like the scattered gems
Of gold in ore and hid in mountain seams,
That oft requires the trained and skilled made son
The rocks to melt in flaming streams to run.
Such has been cause of different views expressed
On themes essential to man's heart addressed
And groped he has in ages long since passed
To find that light him fails not at his last.
Perhaps the way man has so long pursued
Was best that he might more become imbued
With wisdom and with grace in ways upright
For leading blind from darkness into light,
For mind is strengthened while in action brought,
As all research such lessons has man taught.
Through faith his father would protection bring
When dangers threaten or distresses spring
Was hope indulged by Jesus as he moved
That man be helped or have life ways improved,
As John in his Apocalypse there wrote,
" And faith of Jesus," words that well denote
That high as faith in Father did attain
So should adherents always theirs maintain,
That they the sick might heal, the halt restore,
The lepers cleanse, the maimed their wrongs deplore,
The deaf make hear, and sight to blind insure,
The lost to promised joys of hope allure,
To poor, Isaiah's glad predictions teach,
And ways of purity to all men preach,
Or as is said in letter of Saint Paul,
Dispatched to Rome where there were gathered all
Elect in search of straight and narrow path,
" E'en justice " as conceived and born of faith
Which Jesus had lays base for blind to hope,
True wall he saw, to which they safe may grope.
So Habakkuk in vision did declare,
The just shall live by faith, and blessings share,

As all his words true confidence insure,
That evil works not heaven would long endure.
Such faith did Jesus always to men show,
When pleasures all for bliss he would forego.
He died, his faith in strongest proof to put,
As other course men evil might impute.
His hope was that he soon would reappear
In all the grandeur seen by ancient seer.
Said Jesus not to high priest when arraigned,
That he would later see the Son attained
To power almighty, when on clouds would sit,
As he should come his darts then to emit
On priestly gang and others in vice steeped,
As courts they stalked, toward princely halls they stepped,
That ev'ry eye might not him fail to see,
And they him pierced should to him bend the knee?
How changed the scene from that he oft foretold!
Him back to life men few could then behold,
And those who claimed to see the vision rare
Deserters were, to court would not come near.
Though Saul of Tarsus[1] once in vision saw
A spectre that to mind brought fit of awe,
And was to ground struck blind by burning sight
Through sudden splendor of the dazzling light,
And shattered were his thoughts in thousand ways,
Not food could taste, that craving pangs allays,
Till vision oped and Jesus did appear
In wonders greater in the upland sphere,
Yet not to rest was heavenly vision brought,
But proof there stays without a witness sought.
No wonder Festus said that Paul was mad,
When he had heard his tale of sufferings sad,
Because the Jews would not then there believe
The sight was real as Paul did conceive.

1 See page 114.

He felt that Paul had much o'ertaxed his mind
In search for meanings difficult to find.
To woman was reserved the honor high
To see in dreams beyond her mortal eye.
Say Jesus was not raised from silent tomb,
But there remains in darkness and in gloom
And all was lost in suff'ring and in grief,
Since not in clouds returned for welcome brief?
Though yes — his words he spoke in Judah's land
E'er bring relief for trials' great demand,
And ne'er will fail sweet solace to impart,
Howe'er comes harm or keen the piercing dart.
" In clouds to come " was view by faith conceived
And not through knowledge true he e'er received,
For the two chief commandments brought to men
Embraced essentials all, ranged to his ken.
Events more were to Father only known
And not to vision brought as truth his own.
To love thy God with all thy soul and heart
Is done when men to others love impart.
His words insure more perfect ways for man
For righteous work, for deeds, unmoved to plan.
His presence all life's deepest sense unfolds
And charms the thoughts, and minds for hope e'er moulds.
Let poet speak, in Milton's highness write,
In clearest diction, and sublimely bright,
No verse illumes without a burning ray
Shot from that Star that brightens pathless way.
So Plato's scenes, when viewed by lamp of hope
Glow, lift the shades in which man long did grope.
So in all themes from distant ages brought
Much more effulgent comes the hidden thought
When viewed by standard set in Golden Rule,
Men should respect regardless of their school.
Not less to science is truth held all dear
For things observed should so be done most clear;

If not so viewed results will scarce obtain,
And trouble taken will be surely vain.
So work pursued with conscience as a guide
Will to man's calling, honor e'er abide.
The same is seen in ev'ry age we view
Light must we always through dark ways pursue.
"Life is short and the art is long, time speeds,"
As said Hippocrates, that man must needs
Prepare for what is right for him to do,
That patient he may have will aid lend, too.
Though born Hippocrates ere Jesus years
Four hundred sixty was, his saw still cheers,
Physician's toiling soul in anxious care
To lend true balm and healing power to bear,
Much more when once illumed by Jesus' words
"The sick, physician needs:" this so accords
With older diction brought, warm beams now wait
On work full veiled from all pretenses great.
As fades the fleeting forms as once portrayed,
There rests impression one will e'er invade
Our thoughts in all their varied aspects bent,
Till time shall fail and sense of life be spent,
For part performed at Calv'ry's dismal mount,
Events exceeds by far we e'er can count,
In story, verse, howe'er in grandeur seen,
When viewed is zeal of Mary Magdalene,[1]
All veiled while brought in torrent raptures raised,
In visions fixed in scenes that all amazed,
Her wandering eyes bedewed by sorrows keen,
In glimpses rare of lowly Nazarene.

Cambridge, Mass., November 19, 1906.

[1] See page 116.

After a Woman Agent Had Called.

She raved in words in wild confusion mixed,
Devoid of thought or reason ranged betwixt
With awkward steps she strides along the ground,
Untaught of grace or wisdom's ways profound.

August 10, 1905.

Soliloquy.

How strange the works wrought out in ev'ry land!
They seem like moving waves of desert sand.
They show to man how ardent is the strife
To find the fancied boon that ends in life.

The youth thus goes with burning hopes to find
Some golden fleece, all fancied in his mind,
He scans the earth, he sails o'er distant seas,
To gain a prize, though falls like autumn leaves.

What is the end, what is the goal to seek?
Is it much wealth, great skill, or raiment sleek?
Who says not man is from the apish brood,
Or had his ghost from such twin sisterhood?

February 15, 1906.

The Quack Vendor.

What though he spoke in words and accents fair,
And all his diction made his house to air?
No more of helpful ways did I then know
Since all his talk proved void as pageant show.
Such were my thoughts on quack who came around
With drugs and potions of a strange compound.
He tired my head with stuff from garbled lore.
I hope he may ne'er come to vex me more.

September 15, 1906.

Meditation.

Far back in years since time's recording page,
Revealed by force born in true manhood's age,
A longing for a life beyond this vale
Gains in much growth as wants o'er needs prevail.

To realms as such in fairer climes to dwell
'Yond seas so broad, so boundless, who can tell,
With eyes we turn, the broad expanse scan o'er,
To see what sail may reach that unsought shore.

March 1, 1907.

Ye Beguiling Hours.

How calm and restful is the noon,
  While nature's clad in bright attire,
And balmy breezes come as boon,
  To fill our life with youthful fire!

The budding trees that blossoms yield
  Bespeak a love vouchsafed to man,
That he by light and truth may wield
  An influence for the strongest plan.

Ye blissful days, beguiling hours,
  How short the scene of life appears!
How swift from sights of loftiest towers
  Man falls, to pass to far-off shores!

Thus eyes grown dim as veiled by mists and storm,
  When weary fingers feel with mystic sense
The conscious loss of childhood's beauty's charm,
  The earnest, first revealed, in innocence.

June 18, 1907.

Physician's Advice.

In all complaints that show a threat'ning form,
Put forth your strength, confront the rising storm;
Keep well in hand your drugs as useful tools.
Prescribe not such to those who would be fools.
With pill and chart you may o'ercome a pain,
And diet changed, your health you will regain.

Why come we here to linger in this field,
To spend long seasons gath'ring thorny yield,
To leave our homes and pleasures of our youth,
Where joy and mirth have ever reigned forsooth?

July 15, 1907.

Surgeon's Recollection of the Peninsular Campaign, 1862.

Free from the villain's clutch we bend our way,
Renewed in strength, all ardent for the fray,
Resolved to serve, or suff'rings more to reap,
To free our land from dire afflictions deep.
Such were my thoughts, in contemplation led
To view the scenes before my eyes had shed,
And left their impress on my wand'ring mind,
Rebuke to crime one e'er should seek to find.
So daunted not by struggles thus endured,
I don my armor and become inured
To hardships more in battle's long array,
Through swamps, on fields, o'er mountains' highest way,
That come to view in years succeeding fast
Till closed was war, at Appomattox last.
How firm my spirit stood opposing foes,
Kept by the hope, would pass our rueful throes,
And break the oppressor's yoke that bound the land
To darkest guilt by horrid slaveman's wand!
The bugle's blast, intrenchments must we cross,
And storming columns oft must quickly close,
And break their hideous front in all their strength,
Till starry flag shall wave to fullest length,
And slaver's head become to scorn exposed
Through public wrath in measure just imposed.

March 12, 1908.

Tribute to Those Who fell During the Civil War, 1861-65.

Those warriors marched impressed with purpose strong,
To save their land to crush the foeman's wrong.
They fought, they bled, their lives they held not dear
When duty called or threat'ning arm came near.
The tyrant's rage nor vile man's sword in hand
Could stay their siege nor check those brave men grand.
They died on fields, in swamps, on mountains high,
That peace to man and liberty be nigh.
Oh! fame to all those val'rous patriots bring!
Raise high the flag, the streaming colors fling
To heaven's broad vault bestrewed with starry host.
Let float in ample folds its grandeur most,
That truth may dawn, the morning sun may rise,
To gild our hopes, best blessing 'neath the skies.

May 25, 1908.

See *Cambridge Chronicle,* May 30, 1908.

My Violets in Bloom in Winter's Storm.

How beaut'ous are the shining violet heads,
When peering from their softest mossy beds,
In winter's storm or breaking raging gale!
They glow in life in sweet perfuming trail,
They daze the soul, they stay the passer-by.
In hurried step, he casts his searching eye,
In vision form in senses all bewitched,
He's held most fast by foot as cloven hitched.

February 2, 1909.

Contemplation.

Faith is a mere conception of the mind,
Whose phantom none may e'er expect to find,
But ling'ring in the thoughts may cheer the heart,
Till life shall end or direful scenes depart.
What clouds arise in mind's extended space,
To darken hope or leave a dismal trace!
Then let the thought in brightest vision soar,
Till light the night shall spread its mantle o'er.
Hope has its end, though shallow is its band.
It glows in soul, it helps the heart expand,
As swan dies in song ravishing the ear,
In its last effort, its requiem to cheer.
How do we know, Jesus to life returned?
Or e'er by wakeful eye was seen unurned?
Has life an end, and is there no beyond,
Or place in which our wrongs are all condoned,
Or where our virtues plead for high degree,
Or souls shall soar as lark again set free?
Why delve for depths where plummet never sounds
Or seek to mount o'er reason's highest bounds?
The search is vain, the spirit breaks apart,
And finds no rest for the poor aching heart,
Till strength shall fail, or life shall pale away,
And leave one naught but rough and blackened clay.
Rest then the foot, and heed the voice within,
With conscience as the guide, that bars all sin
And fits the soul for the realm of fairest bliss,
Where'er that be, in land afar, or this.

See *Cambridge Chronicle,* February 20, 1909.

Why the Action of the Heart?

What makes the heart in regular rhythm beat,
So conscious of its act to bar defeat,
And bring to life its joys and pleasures all
Through struggles great and sternest duty's call?
Great poets have in many ages sung
Of hope or threatening rule to man o'erhung,
From thoughts of deepest meditation brought,
Or gained in flights by farthest vision sought,
To tell the cause and give the reasons true,
Though proved they nought, but led to error, too.
Man's pulse is but a fluid in a tube,
With energy capillary imbued,
Whose motion changed at sight by nervules lent,
Control the heart as lightning's current sent.
The nervules e'en in lowest forms of life
Assume the roll of magnet ore so rife
In hidden mines or starry vault above,
Bent on by force inherent and inwove.
Naught else we say the first was ne'er begun,
But glowed in space e'er universe was won
From dark and trembling mass of plasma's yield,
Diffuse where'er the substance had found field.

March 20, 1909.

Reflection.

Then for these joys through rapture of delight
Some fain would go through ocean torrent's might,
And leave all scenes as nought and hopeless woe,
To find that realm above the skies below,
Yes, from those lands where dates and palm trees grow
And birds of rarest plumage come and go.
Man oft has wished to be full disengaged
And soar aloft to fields more fair presaged.
How vain such wish, it savors of deceit,
Infused in man by seers and hirelings' cheat,
To brace their craft and add to lordship strong
O'er youthful minds, the weak, the common throng,
Who lost for guidance in their journey on
Through life's dark hopes in direful scenes down gone!

April 30, 1909.

Tribute to a friend.

He's passed along o'er weary waste,
Through all life's blissful years well spent.
He's seen the fruit of constant haste
On tasks his mind inclined its bent.
He rests at last, his toils have ceased
His slumb'ring, peaceful soul to charm.
In mourning robes all darkly dressed
His friends for last sad look thick swarm,
To see him borne to darkness hence,
From where his soul must pass to cross
The Styx, to scale the summits, whence
Full grace to him shall fall most close.

May 10, 1909.

In Memory to Civil War Heroes.

As May day comes, the cheering thought returns
Of ling'ring fire in patriot hearts, that burns
And swells with pride, emotions of the soul
In fuller flame, as sounds of drumbeats roll.
What glorious days when tramped the youthful men
In battle line to crush the foemen then,
And bring to nought the crimes and treasons strong
That dared to brave with vilest of their throng!
Though years glide by, yet sturdy soldiers live
To see the fruits of all their toils survive
And left as heritage for coming race,
That time, nor stress, nor wrong can e'er efface.
Then deck the graves with flow'rs of fairest growth
Of those who fell on field or sleep forsooth.
Droop low the flag at place that marks the spot,
And bare the head at tomb or dismal grot,
That those who come may know th' affection held
For comrades once in arms but now bewailed.

See *Cambridge Chronicle,* May 29, 1909.

features of Languages Compared.

Six tongues arose in Europe's lingual strife,
That gave much aid to science, art there rife.
Spain takes the lead in majesty alone,
While German style yields strength before scarce known.
France dazzles all vivacious as a peer.
And Italy brings charm of sweetness near.
Looms England for her graces rare attained,
Though Russia crowns by wondrous rank maintained.

September 24, 1909.

fragment.

Oh, let my thoughts take on good cheer,
In all my work, both far and near,
That in due time my soul may rest
In peace and joy forever blest.

November 7, 1909.

Lines for Memorial Day.

The war is o'er, new scenes with joy appear,
That rest the soul and drive away all fear
For brothers, sons, gone forth on land and sea
Our homes, our flag from traitors' guile to free.
Why mourn their loss or long in grief repine?
A place in hearts their comrades still assign.

May 30, 1910.

NOTES.

(*See page 72.*)

[1] It was long the opinion of the earliest Christians that Jesus would reappear on the Mount of Olives, as this was the place near which it is recorded that he parted from his disciples. Bethany is fifteen furlongs, about two miles, east-south-east from Jerusalem, beyond the Mount of Olives. Bethany is really a part of the mountain ridge to which the Mount of Olives belongs. The Mount of Olives is 2536 Paris feet above the level of the Dead Sea, Damascus 2186 feet, and Kidron (brook) is 2140 feet. Jerusalem is 2600 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea. These places are considerably above Mount Taber, which is only 1748 Paris feet high. Mount Hebron is 2700 Paris feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, while Lake Asphalic is 4000 below the level of the Dead Sea. All these mountainous formations resemble the Jura system between France and Switzerland. During the night, or after sunset, the clouds settle down from the summit of these mountains and conceal from view all objects, as clouds usually do in all mountains, and lend the appearance as if the objects or persons were being received or taken up out of sight. During the morning, I noticed while in Monterey, in Mexico, as the clouds ascend out of the valley and gradually rise above the mountain side, the city in the upper part of the valley and on the mountain sides had the appearance of descending out of the clouds. During the evening, the reverse, of course, takes place. The scene thus brought to view is often most grand. The two men in white apparel appeared, from the account given in the Book of Acts, to rebuke the gazers when they told them that Jesus, who had been veiled in his

upward ascent by the descending clouds on the mountain ridge, would reappear when the clouds in the morning would rise above the hill peaks. The whole account, as we have it, can only be properly regarded as a vision seen through a dream, as stated in the poem, and it is Mary Magdalene who should have the credit or honor of having the vision. The disciples were always blundering, and so very little reliance can be placed on what they thought.

(*See page 75.*)

[1] A fine, impalpable desert sand that exists beyond Lebanon, near Beirut, and in the neighborhood of Damascus, often proves very menacing to travelers and sometimes to the inhabitants living in that vicinity. Damascus is situated at the edge of the desert, at the mouth of the plains of Coelo-Syria and the valleys of Galilee, of Idumaea, and of the coasts of the Sea of Syria. It is a much-frequented resort and a resting-place for the caravans coming from India. It was near Damascus, to which Paul was journeying, when he became suddenly asphyxiated. He saw, he thought, a great light that appeared to shine from heaven. At noon-day, the light that shines on the sand there is often most intense, particularly so when the sand is very fine and almost an impalpable powder. This must have been the cause of Paul's sudden attack of exhaustion which he described at that time. He was blinded by the dazzling light from heaven, and there he fell into a trance, in which condition he thought he heard the voice of Jesus of Nazareth.

Baron Larrey, Napoleon's chief surgeon, makes mention of some experiences he had while with the French army in crossing the arid desert on the borders of Lydia. It required five days to reach Damascus. Never did an army, he says, experience such great vicissitudes and such painful privations. Tortured with the rays of the scorching sun during the day, marching on foot over a still more scorching sand, traversing

an immense extent of dreary wastes, in which with difficulty was procured a little muddy water, the most vigorous soldiers parched with thirst, and overcome by heat, sunk under the weight of their arms. Some watery low grounds promised a termination to the distresses, but it was only to plunge them into a greater and more complete debility. Being called too late to some of the men, his services, he says, were useless. The manner of dying appeared to be mild and without pain, for one of them said to him in the last moments of his life, "He felt himself in a state of inexpressible happiness." Many, however, Surgeon Larrey was able to restore with a little soft water mixed with a few drops of sweet spirits of wine and other stimulants. The symptoms attendant on this condition are not unlike those attendant on asphyxia, caused by mephitic air. Asphyxia is a suspension of circulation, and is produced by non-conversion of venous blood of the lungs into arterial blood. Owing to the supply of air being cut off, unchanged venous blood of the pulmonary artery passes into minute radicles of the pulmonary veins; but as the latter, says Dunglison, require arterial blood to excite them, more or less, stagnation takes place in the pulmonary capillaries. Death occurs from this cause and from want of arterial blood, and not owing to venous blood's being distributed through the system and poisoning it. Apparent death, death trance, is characterized by suspension or diminution of respiration and circulation to such a degree as to be scarcely or not at all perceptible. While in the service as surgeon with the cavalry, during the Civil War, I met with quite a number of cases in which the soldier was overcome by the fine dust's causing asphyxia and partial suspension of the respiration and the heart's action. On recovery, some very vivid dreams were told, and strange revelations were declared. A soldier in a trance condition was occasionally met with. Such cases were for the most part seen during the long marches under a burning sun, when the roads were very dry, and great clouds of fine dust were rising from the tramping of horses and the rapid moving of the army trains. Scarcity

of food and drink, with little sleep, and the excitement of reaction of the march, added to the danger.

While in Mexico, I met with some cases of partial asphyxia from the excessive quantities of fine dust along the roads that were being much travelled and that were under the burning rays of the sun. Heart stimulants, which I always carry for such occasions, always brought more or less relief to those I had opportunity to assist.

(*See page 77.*)

[1] Mark, chap. xvi, verse 9, says that Jesus appeared first to Mary Magdalene, who hastened to acquaint the others of what had seemed real to her. John, chap. xx, verse 1, says, "The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene, early, when it was yet dark, into the sepulchre," and verse 18 says that Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord (or rather, that her Lord had in some way appeared unto her). Luke xxiv, verse 4, says, "Behold, two men stood by them in shining garments" (as the nightly appearance, vision, or dream, seemed to reveal to her). The book of Acts, verses 10 and 11, makes mention also of the two men in white apparel. Such a shining appearance, if merely seen in a dream, could only be interpreted as not an altogether unfavorable omen, and would justify the writer of Acts to put into the mouths of the shining men the prediction which he ventured to record, although Jesus, while alive, warned mankind (his disciples) not to judge according to appearance. The disciples, however, were always making blunders. This record of Mary Magdalene, of seeing the two men in shining garments, as recorded in the above, shows beyond a reasonable doubt that what Mary Magdalene, a woman of her maturer years, did experience, was realized through exciting dreams, the result of her mind being long overtaxed while contemplating alone the scenes attendant on the sufferings of Jesus and his crucifixion.

NOTE.

According to the Christian theory, " God is conceived as a being possessing supernatural power, and is appeased by sacrifice and worship."

According to theory of evolution, as explained by Professor Ernst Haekel, of the University of Jena, Germany, " Our monastic God, the all-embracing essence of the world is identical with the eternal, all-inspiring (pervading) energy, and is one eternal and infinite substance with space-filling matter. This substance is at work in every falling drop of rain and every forming crystal, in the scent of the rose, and the spirit of man."

According to the doctrine of Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, all good comes from one God, as she conceives such a being to be, but the sufferings that come to us are such that God, her conceived being, has been unable to prevent.

Since writing the above, the following has appeared in various papers:

" VIENNA, October 3, 1910. — The Mexican consul at Trieste reports that Professor Herrera, a Mexican scientist, has succeeded in forming a human embryo by chemical combination."

From the above views here presented, the reader has an opportunity to make a choice of a theory which he considers he is warranted to adopt.

MAR 25 1911

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